

Croker, Thomas Crofton, 1798-1854 [Herausgeber]

Britannia's pastorals a third book

London 1852

P.o.angl. 276 k-30

urn:nbn:de:bvb:12-bsb10748185-6

BRITANNIA'S PASTORALS :

A Third Book.

BRITISH MUSEUM

Third Book

NEW YORK

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR LENOX TILDEN FOUNDATION

500 N. 5TH ST. NEW YORK

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR LENOX TILDEN FOUNDATION

500 N. 5TH ST. NEW YORK

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR LENOX TILDEN FOUNDATION

BRITANNIA'S PASTORALS :

A Third Book,

NOW FIRST EDITED

FROM THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT PRESERVED
IN THE LIBRARY OF SALISBURY
CATHEDRAL,

BY

T. CROFTON CROKER, ESQ.,

F.S.A., M.R.I.A.

LONDON :

PRINTED FOR THE PERCY SOCIETY,

BY T. RICHARDS, 37, GREAT QUEEN STREET.

M.DCCC.LII.

BRITISH ASSOCIATION

The British Association

of the Advancement of Science

President

LORD BRAYBROOK

General Secretary

JOHN W. L. GARDNER

Secretary

JOHN W. L. GARDNER

Secretary

JOHN W. L. GARDNER

Secretary

JOHN W. L. GARDNER

Secretary

JOHN W. L. GARDNER

Secretary

JOHN W. L. GARDNER

Secretary

JOHN W. L. GARDNER

Secretary

JOHN W. L. GARDNER

Secretary

JOHN W. L. GARDNER

Secretary

JOHN W. L. GARDNER

Secretary

The Percy Society.

President.

THE RIGHT HON. LORD BRAYBROOKE, F.S.A.

Council.

ROBERT BELL, Esq.

WILLIAM HENRY BLACK, Esq.

WILLIAM CHAPPELL, Esq., F.S.A.

W. DURRANT COOPER, Esq., F.S.A.

T. CROFTON CROKER, Esq., F.S.A., M.R.I.A., *Treasurer.*

JAMES HENRY DIXON, Esq.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FAIRHOLT, Esq., F.S.A.

W. D. HAGGARD, Esq., F.S.A.

JAMES ORCHARD HALLIWELL, Esq., F.R.S., F.S.A., *Secretary.*

THE REV. A. HUME, LL.D., F.S.A.

SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, BART.

JAMES PRIOR, Esq., F.S.A., M.R.I.A.

WILLIAM SANDYS, Esq., F.S.A.

C. ROACH SMITH, Esq., F.S.A.

THOMAS WRIGHT, Esq., M.A., F.S.A.

REFACE

THE FIRST TIME PRINTED

MANUSCRIPT, BEING

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

PREFACE.

THE verses, now for the first time printed, are from a neatly written manuscript, bound up with a copy of the first edition of "Browne's Pastorals", fol., Lond., 1613-16, preserved in the library of Salisbury Cathedral. This manuscript was first pointed out to public notice by one of our members, Mr. Botfield, in his excellent work on cathedral libraries, and is there considered to be Browne's own composition.

An attentive perusal of the poem has, however, led some of the Editor's friends to entertain doubts on this subject; not merely from the notices of "Willy", which might probably be explained away as examples of poetical license, but from the character of the composition, which, nevertheless, it is submitted, will bear comparison in poetical merit with any of Browne's verses. The reader will now have as good an opportunity to form his own judgment as the Editor, who prefers rather to leave the consideration of any debateable question to the members of the Percy Society than to

offer a decisive opinion which might be liable to be controverted by subsequent research.

The especial thanks of the Percy Society are due to the Dean and Chapter of Salisbury for the liberal manner in which they have been pleased to permit the original volume to be used.

And it only remains for the Editor to observe, that after the charges made, without communication, under the mask of friendly criticism, in a volume issued with the sanction of the Shakspeare Society, against him as the Editor of an unpublished manuscript of Massinger's, he would have hesitated again to appear before the members of the Percy Society as the transcriber and Editor of another unpublished manuscript, had not Mr. Halliwell, their zealous secretary, conferred on the Society the important favour of correcting the proof sheets from the Editor's transcript, and of collating them with the original manuscript.

T. CROFTON CROKER.

Treasurer.

3, Gloucester Road,

Old Brompton,

16th February, 1852.

BRITANIA'S PASTORALS.

THE THIRD BOOKE.

THE FIRST SONG.

THRICE had the pale fac'd Cinthia fill'd her hornes,
And through the circling zodiaque, which adornes
Heaven's goodly frame, the horses of the sun
A fourth parte of their race had fiercely run,
Since faire Marina lefte her gentle flocke;
Whose too untymely losse, the watchfull cock
Noe oftner gave a summons to the daye,
Then some kinde shepheard on the fertill ley
Tooke a sadd seate, and, with a drowned eye,
Bemoan'd in heart farre more then elegie.

Heere sitts a shepheard, whose mellifluous tongue,
On shaded bancks of rivers, whilome sung
Many sweet layes to her harmonious eare;
Recounting former joyes, when she liv'd there,
With present woes, and every pleasure gone
Tells with a hundred teares, and, those dropps done,
A thowsand sighes ensue, and gives not o're
Untill he faints, and soe can sighe noe more.

Yonder, another, on some swelling hill,
Records her sweet prayse to a gentle rill,

Which, in requitall, takes noe little payne
 To roule her silver sands up to the swayne;
 And almost wept, that tyme would not permitt
 That beautilous mayde to bathe herselfe in it;
 Whose touch made streames, and men, and plants
 more prowde,

Then he that clasp'd the Juno-seeming clowde.

Amongst the rest (that ere the sun did shyne
 Sought the thick groves) neglectfull Celadyne
 Was come abroade; and underneath a tree,
 Dead as his joyes, and from all moysture free
 As were the fountaynes of his lovely eyes,
 With lavish weeping, discontented lyes.

Now, like a prodigall, he myndes in vayne
 What he hath lost, and cannot lose againe.
 Now thinckes he on her eyes, like some sadd wight,
 Which newe strooke blynde bemones the want of light.
 Her cheekes, her lipps, to mynde he doth recall,
 As one in exile cleane bereav'd of all.
 Her modest graces, her affection more,
 That wounds him most which onely can restore.
 And lastly, to his pipe (which woods nor playnes
 Acquainted not, but with the saddest straynes,
 Yet he more sadd then song or places can)
 Vary'd his playntes, and thus anewe began:—

Marina's gone, and nowe sitt I,
 As Philomela (on a thorne,
 Turn'd out of nature's livery),
 Mirthles, alone, and all forlorne:

Onely she sings not, while my sorrowes can
Breathe forth such notes as fitt a dyeing swan.

Soe shutts the marigold her leaves
At the departure of the sun;
Soe from the hony-suckle sheaves
The bee goes when the day is done;
Soe sitts the turtle when she is but one,
And soe all woe, as I since she is gone.

To some fewe birds, kinde Nature hath
Made all the summer as one daye;
Which once enjoy'd, colde winter's wrath,
As night, they sleeping passe away.
Those happy creatures are, that knowe not yet
The payne to be depriv'd or to forgett.

I ofte have heard men saye there be
Some, that with confidence professe
The helpfull Art of Memorie;
But could they teach forgetfulnesse,
I'de learne, and try what further art coulde doe,
To make me love her and forgett her too.

Sadd melancholy, that perswades
Men from themselves, to thincke they be
Headlesse, or other bodyes shades,
Hath long and bootles dwelt with me;
For coulde I thincke she some idea weare,
I still might love, forgett, and have her heere.

But such she is not : nor would I,
For twice as many torments more,
As her bereaved companye
Hath brought to those I felt before,
For then noe future tyme might hap to knowe
That she deserv'd, or I did love her soe.

Yee houres, then, but as minutes be !
(Though soe I shall be sooner olde)
Till I those lovely graces see,
Which, but in her, can none beholde ;
Then be an age ! that we maye never trye
More grieve in parting, but growe olde and dye.

Heere ceas'd the shepherd's song, but not his woe ;
Griefe never ends ytselfe. And he doth knowe
Nothing but tyme or wisdome to allaye yt ;
Tyme could not then ; the other should not stay yt.

Thus sitts the haples swayne: now sighes, now sings,
Sings, sighes, and weepes at once. Then from the
springs
Of pittie beggs his pardon. Then his eye,
(Wronging his oraizons) some place hard by
Informes his intellect, where he hath seen
His mistris feed her flock, or on the green
Dance to the merry pype : this drives him thence
As one distracted with the violence
Of some hote fever, casts his clothes awaye,
Longs for the thing he loath'd but yesterdaye,

And fondly thincking 'twill his fitts appease,
Changeth his bedd, but keepes still the disease.
Quitting the playnes to seeke the gloomy springs,
He, like a swan that on Meander sings,
Takes congey of his mates with ling'ring haste,
To finde some streame where he maye sing his last.

Soe have I lefte my Tavy's flow'ry shore,
Farre-flowing Thamisis, and many more
Attractive pleasures which sweet England yeelds,
Her peopled cittyes and her fertill fields,
For Amphitrite's playnes ; those hath myne eye
Chang'd for our whilome fields of Normandy ;
For Seyne, those have I lefte ; for Loyre, the Seyne ;
And for the Thoüé changed Loyre againe ;
Where, to the nymphes of Poictou, now I sing
A stranger note (yet such as ev'ry spring
Roules smiling to attend) for none of those
Yet have I lessen'd or exchang'd my woes.
Deere, dearest isle, from the I pass'd awaye
But as a shadowe, when the eye of daye
Shynes otherwhere ; for she, whose I have been,
By her declining makes me live unseen.
Nor doe I hope that any other light
Can make me her's ; the pallid queen of night,
And Venus (or some erre), maye, with their rayes,
Force an observing shade, but none of these
(Meteors to my sett sun) can ever have
That powre thou hadst. Sweet soule, thy silent grave
I give my best verse, if a shepheard's witt
Can make a dead hand capable of yt.

Chaste were our loves, as mutuall; nor did we
Hardly dreame otherwise: our secrecy
Such, as I thincke the world hath never knowne
I had a mistris, till that I had none.

Poore Celadyne and I (but happyer he),
Onely in dreames meet our felicitie;
Our joyes but shadowes are; our constant woes
The daye shewes reall; O, unhappy those!
Thrice, thrice unhappy whoe are ever taking
Their joyes in sleepe, but are most wretched waking.

Seated at last neere Tavy's silver streame,
Sleepe seis'd our shepheard; and in sleepe, a dreame
Shew'd him Marina all bedew'd with teares;
Pale, as the lilly of the field appeares
When the unkist morne from the mountaynes topps
Sees the sweet flowres distill their silver dropps.
She seem'd to take him by the hand and saye,
O Celadyne, this, this is not the waye
To recompence the wrong which thou hast done
And I have pardon'd, since yt was begun
To exercise my virtue; I am thine
More then I wish'd, or thou canst now devine.
Seeke out the aged Lama, by whose skill
Thou mayst our fortunes know, and what the will
Of fate is in thy future. This she spoke,
And seem'd to kisse him, wherewith he awoke,—
And missing what (in thought) his sleepe had gayn'd,
He mus'd, sigh'd, wept, and lastly thus complaynde:

Vaine dreames, forbear! yee but deceavers be,
For as in flattring glasses woemen see

More beauty then possest: soe I in you
Have all I can desire, but nothing true.

Whoe would be rich, to be soe but an howre
Eates a sweet fruite to rellishe more the sowre.
If but to lose againe we things possesse,
Nere to be happy is a happinesse.

Men walking in the pitchy shades of night
Can keepe their certayne way; but if a light
O'retake and leave them, they are blynded more,
And doubtfull goe that went secure before.
For this (though hardly) I have ofte forborne
To see her face, faire as the rosy morne;
Yet myne owne thoughts in night such traytors be,
That they betraye me to that misery.
Then thincke noe more of her—as soone I maye
Commande the sun to robbe us of a daye,
Or with a nett repell a liquidd streame,
As loose such thoughts, or hinder but a dreame.

The lightsome ayre as eas'ly hinder can
A glasse to take the forme of any man
That stands before yt, as or tyme or place
Can drawe a veyle between me and her face.

Yet, by such thoughts my torments hourelly thrive;
For (as a pris'ner by his perspective)
By them I am inform'd of what I want;
I envy nowe none but the ignorant.
Hee that ne'er sawe her (O, too happy wight)
Is one borne blynde that knowes noe want of light;
He that nere kist her lipps, yet sees her eyes,
Lives, while he lives soe, still in paradise;

But if he taste those sweets as haples I,
He knowes his want, and meets his miserye.

An Indian rude that never heard one sing
A heav'nly sonnet to a silver string,
Nor other sounds, but what confused heards
In pathles deserts make, or brookes or birds,
Should he heare one the sweet Pandora touch,
And loose his hearing streight; he would as much
Lament his knowledge as doe I my chance,
And wish he still had liv'd in ignorance.

I am that Indian; and my soothing dreames
In thirst have brought me but to painted streames,
Which not allaye, but more increase desire:
A man, neer frozen with December's ire,
Hath, from a heape of glowormes, as much ease
As I can ever have by dreames as these.

O leave me then! and strongest memorie
Keepe still with those that promise-breakers be;
Goe; bidd the debter mynde his payment daye;
Or helpe the ignorant devoute to saye
Prayers they understand not; leade the blynde,
And bidd ingratefull wretches call to mynde
Their benefactors; and if vertue be
(As still she is) trode on by miserie,
Shewe her the rich, that they maye free her want,
And leave to nurse the fawning sycophant;
Or, if thou see faire honor careles lye,
Without a tombe for after memorye,
Dwell by the grave, and teach all those that passe
To ymitate, by sheweing who yt was.

This waye, Remembrance, thou mayst doe some good,
And have due thanckes; but he that understood
The throes thou bringst on me, would saye I misse
The sleepe of him that did the pale moone kisse,
And that yt were a blessing throwne on me,
Sometymes to have the hated lethargie.

Then, darke forgetfulnes, that onely art
The friend of lunatikes, seize on that part
Of memorie which houely shewes her me!
Or suffer still her waking fantasie,
Even at the instant when I dreame of her,
To dreame the like of me! soe shall we erre
In pleasures endles maze without offence,
And both connex as soules in innocence.

His sorrowe this waye yet had further gone,
For now his soule, all in confusion,
Discharg'd her passions on all things she mett,
And (rather then on none) on counterfett.
For in her suff'rings she will sooner frame
Subjects fantastickall, formes without name,
Deceave ytselfe against her owne conceite,
Then want to worke on somewhat thought of weight.
Hence comes yt, those affections which are tyde
To an inforced bedd, a worthles bride,
(Wanting a lawfull hold) our loving parte
To subjects of lesse worth doth soone convert
Her exercise, which should be nobly free,
Rather on doggs, or dice, then idle be.

Thus, on his memory, poor soule, he cast
His exclamations; and the daye had past

With him as sadly as his sighes were true,
And on this subject. When (as if he flewe)
Leap'd from a neere grove (as he thought) a man,
And to th' adjoyning wood as quickly ran;
This stayde his thoughts. And whilst the other fledd,
He rose, scarce knowing why, and followed.

It was a gentle swayne, on whose sweet youth
Fortune had throwne her worst, and all men's ruth;
Whoe, like a satyre now, from men's aboade
The uncouth pathes of gloomy deserts trode;
Deepe, sullen vales, that never mercy wonne,
To have a kinde looke from the powrefull sun;
But mantled up in shades as fearefull night,
Could merry hearts with awfull terror smyte.
Sadd nookes and dreadfull clefts of mighty rocks
That knewe noe gueste within their careles locks,
But banefull serpents, hated beasts of prey,
And fatall fowle, that from the blessed daye
Hidd their abhorred heads; these, only these,
Were his companions and his cottages.

Wayfaring man, for aftertymes y-bore,
Who-ere thou be, that on the pleasant shore
Of my deare Tavy hapst to treade along,
When Willy sings noe more his rurall song,
But long dissolv'd to dust, shall hardly have
A teare or verse bestow'd upon his grave;—
Thincke on that hapless ladd, for all his meed,
Whoe first this laye tun'd to an oaten reed;
Then aske the swaynes, who, in the valleys deepe,
Sing layes of love and feed their harmles sheepe,

Aske them for Ramsham (late a gallant wood,
Whose gaudye nymphes, tripping beside the floode,
Allur'd the sea gods from their brackish strands
To courte the beautyes of the upper lands).
And neere to yt, halfwaye, a high-brow'd hill,
Whose mayden sydes nere felt a coulters ill,
Thou mayst beholde, and (if thou list) admire
An arched cave cutt in a rock intire,
Deepe, hollowe, hideous, overgrowne with grasse,
With thornes and bryers, and sadd mandragoras :
Poppy, and henbane, therby, grewe so thicke,
That had the earth been thrice as lunaticke
As learn'd Copernicus in sport would frame her,
We there had sleepy simples founde to tame her.

The entrance to yt was of brick and stone,
Brought from the ruyn'd towre of Babilon.
On either syde the doore a pillar stood,
Whereon, of yore, before the generall flood,
Industrious Seth in characters did score
The mathematicks soule-inticing lore.

Cheeke-swolne Lyœus neere one pillar stoode,
And from each hand a bunche full with the blood
Of the care-killing vyne, he crushed out,
Like to an artificial water-spout ;
But of what kinde yt was the writers vary,
Some say 'twas clarett, others sweare canary.
On th' other syde, a statue strangely fram'd,
And never till Columbus voyage nam'd,
The genius of America, blewe forth
A fume that hath bewitched all the north.

A noyse of ballad makers, rymers, drinckers,
Like a madd crewe of uncontrolled tinkers,
Laye there, and druncke, and sung, and suck'd, and writt
Verse without measure, volumes without witt;
Complaints and sonnetts, vowes to yong Cupido,
May be in such a manner as now I doe.

He that in some faire daye of sommer sees
A little comonwealth of thrifty bees
Send out a pritty colony, to thrive
Another where, from their too-peopled hyve,
And markes the yong adventurers with payne
Fly off and on, and forth, and backe againe,
Maye well conceave with how much labour these
Druncke, writt, and wrongd the learnde Pierides;
Yet tyme, as soone as ere their workes were done,
Threwe them and yt into oblivion.

Into this cave the forlorne shepheard enters,
And Celadyn pursues; yet ere he venters
On such an obscure place, knowing the danger
Which ofte betided there the careles stranger,
Moly, or such preservative he takes,
And thus assur'd, breakes through the tangling brakes;
Searcheth each nooke to fynde the haples swayne,
And calls him ofte, yet seekes and calls in vayne.

At last, by glimring of some glowormes there,
He findes a darke hole, and a wynding stayre;
Uncouth and hideous the descent appeares,
Yet (unappalld with future chance or feares)
Essays the first stepp, and goes boldly on;
Peeces of rotten wood on each side shone,

Which, rather then to guide his vent'rous pace,
With a more dreadfull horror fill'd the place.
Still he descends. And many a stepp doth make,
As one whose naked foote treads on a snake:
The stayres so worne, he feareth, in a trice,
To meet some deepe and deadly precipice.

Thus came he downe into a narrow vaulte,
Whose rocky sides (free from the smallest faulte,
Inforc'd by age or weather) and the rooffe
Stood firmly strong and almost thunder-prooffe.
'Twas long; and at the farre-off further end
A little lampe he spyes; as he had kend,
One of the fixed starres; the light was small,
And distance made yt almost nought at all.
Tow'rds it he came, and (from the swayne which fledd)
These verses falne tooke up, went neere and read.

Listen! yee gentle wyndes, to my sadd mone;
And, mutt'ring brooks, attend my heavy plaints.
Yee melodists, which in the lowe groves sing,
Strive with your fellowes for sweet skill no more,
But wayle with me! and if my song yee passe
For drery notes, match with the nightingale.
Henceforward with the ruefull nightingale
Noe other but sadd groves shall heare my mone,
And night beare witnes of my dolefull plaints;
Sweet songs of love let others quaintly sing,
For fate decrees I shall be knowne noe more
But by my woes. All pleasures from me passe,
As gliding torrents to the ocean passe,

Nere to come back. The all-voice nightingale
Comforts her fellowes, and makes deare her mone;
But (where I would) regardles are my plaints,
And but for eccho should unanswer'd sing;
Can there in others be affection more
Then is in me, yet be neglected more?
Then such neglect and love shall no man passe.
For voyce she well may mate the nightingale,
And from her syrens song I learnt to mone;
Yet she, as most imperfect deemes my plaints,
Though too-too long I them have us'd to sing,
Yet to noe happyer key she letts me sing.
Shall I then change? O there are others more
(As I heare shepheards wayling, when I passe
In deserts wilde to heare the nightingale)
Whose eares receive noe sounde of any mone,
But heare their praises rather then our plaints.
Then since to flynt I still addresse my plaints,
And my sadd numbers to a deafe eare sing,
My cryes shall beate the subtill ayre noe more,
But all my woes imprison; and soe passe
The poore rest of my dayes. Noe nightingale
Shal be disturb'd in forrests with my mone.
And when through inpent mone I hyde my plaints,
And what I should sing makes me live noe more,
Tell her my woes did passe the nightingale.

Sadd swayne (quoth Celadyne) who ere thou be,
I grieve not at my paines to followe thee;
Thou art a fitt companyon for my woe,
Which hearts suncke into misery should knowe.

O, if thou heare me, speake; take to thy home!
Receave into this dismall living tombe
A sorrowe loaden wretch! one that would dye
And treade the gloomy shades of destinye
Onely to meet a soule that coulde relate
A storye true as his, and passionate!

By this a sadd and heavy sounde began
To fill the cave. And by degrees he wan
Soe neere, he heard a well accorded lute,
Touch'd by a hand had strooke the Thracian mute.

Had yt been heard when sweet Amphion's tones
Gave motion to the dull and senceles stones;
When, at the notes his skillfull fingers warble,
The pibble tooke the flynte, the flynte the marble;
And rouling from the quarry justly fall,
And mason-lesse built Cadmus towne a wall.
Each one each other to this labour woo,
And were the workemen and materialls too.
Had this man playde when tother touch'd his lyre,
Those stones had from the wall been seen retyre;
Or stopp'd halfe waye to heare him striking thus,
Thoughe each had been a stone of Sisypheus.
Naye, the musitian had his skill approv'd,
And been as ravish'd as the rocks he mov'd.

Celadyne list'ned; and the arched skyes
Myght wish themselves as many eares as eyes,
That they might teach the starre-bestudded spheares
A musicke newe, and more devyne than theirs.
To these sadd-sweet strings, as ere woe befriended,
This verse was marry'd:—

Yet one daye's rest for all my cryes !
 One howre amongst soe many !
 Springs have their sabaoths ; my poore eyes
 Yet never mett with any.

He that doth but one woe misse,
 O Death, to make him thyne ;
 I would to God that I had his,
 Or else that he had myne !

By this sadd wish wee two should have
 A fortune and a wife ;
 For I should wedd a peacefull grave,
 And he a happy life.

Yet lett that man whose fortunes swym
 Soe hye by my sadd woe,
 Forbeare to treade a stepp on him
 That dy'de to make them soe.

Onely to acquitt my foes,
 Write this where I am layne :
Heere lyes the man whome others woes
And those he lov'd have slaine.

———Heere the musicke ended.
 But Celadyne leaves not his pious guest :
 For, as an artist curiously addrest
 To some conclusion, having haply founde
 A small incouragement on his first grounde,

Goes cheerefull on ; nor from it can be wonne,
Till he have perfected what he begun ;
Soe he pursues, and labours all he can
(Since he had heard the voice) to fynde the man.

A little dore, at last, he in the syde
Of the long stretched entry had descryde,
And coming to it with the lampe, he spyes
These lynes upon a table writt :

Love ! when I mett her first whose slave I am,
To make her myne, why had I not thy flame ?

Or els thy blyndnes not to see that daye ?
Or if I needs must looke on her rare parts,
Love ! why to wounde her had I not thy darts,
Since I had not thy wings to fly away ?

Winter was gone ; and by the lovely spring
Each pleasant grove a merry quire became,
Where day and night the carelesse birds did sing,
Love, when I mett her first whose slave I am.

She sate and listned (for she lov'd his strayne)
To one whose songs coulde make a tiger tame ;
Which made me sighe, and crye, O happy swayne !
To make her myne, why had I not thy flame ?

I vainely sought my passion to controule :
And, therefore (since she loves the learned laye),
Homer, I should have brought with me thy soule,
Or else thy blyndnesse, nott to see that daye !

Yet would I not (myne eyes) my dayes outrun
 In gazing (coulede I helpe it, or the arts),
 Like him that dyde with looking on the sun;
Or if I needs must, looke on her rare parts !

Those, seen of one who every herbe would try,
 And what the blood of elephants imparts
 To coole his flame, yet would he (forced) cry,
Love ! why to wounde her had I not thy darts ?

O Dedalus ! the labrinth fram'd by thee
 Was not soe intricate as where I straye ;
 There have I lost my dearest libertie,
Since I had not thy wings to flye awaye.

———His eyes,

And still attentive eares, doe now discover
 Sufficient cause to thincke some haples lover
 Inhabited this darke and sullen cell,
 Where none but shame or dismall grieve would dwell.

As I have seen a fowler, by the floods
 In winter tyme, or by the fleeced woods,
 Steale softly ; and his stepps full often vary,
 As heere and there flutters the wished quarry ;
 Now with his heele, now with his toe he treads,
 Fearing the crackling of the frozen meades ;
 Avoydes each rotten sticke neere to his foote,
 And creepes, and labours thus, to gett a shoote :
 Soe Celadyne approaches neere the dore,
 Where sighes amaz'd him as the lute before ;

Sighes fetchd so deepe, they seemd of powre to carry
A soule fitt for eternitye to marrye.

Had Dido stood upon her cliffs and seen
Ilium's Æneas stealing from a queen,
And spent her sighes as powrefull as were these,
She had inforc'd the faire Nereides
To answeare hers; those, had the Nayads wonne,
To drive his winged Pyne rounde with the sun,
And long ere Drake (without a fearfull wrack)
Girdled the world, and brought the wandrer back.

Celadyne, gently, somewhat op'd the dore,
And by a glimring lampe upon the floore
Descryde a pritty curious rocky cell;
A spoute of water in one corner fell
Out of the rocke upon a little wheele,
Which, speedy as it coulde the water feele,
Did, by the helpe of other engines lent,
Sett soone on worke a curious instrument,
Whose sounde was like the hollowe, heavy flute,
Joyn'de with a deepe, sadd, sullen, cornemute.
This had the unknowne shepheard sett to playe
Such a soule-thrilling note, that if that day
Celadyne had not seen this uncouth youth
Decend the cave, he would have sworne for truth
That great Apollo, slidd down from his spheare,
Did use to practise all his lessons there.

Upon a couche the musick's master laye;
And whilst the handlesse instrument did playe
Sadd heavy accents to his woes as deepe,
To wooe him to an everlasting sleepe,

Stretch'd carelessly upon his little bedd,
His eyes fixt on the floore, his carefull head
Leaning upon his palme, his voice but fainte,
Thus, to the sullen cave, made his complaynte:

Fate! yet at last be mercifull. Have done!
Thou canst aske nothing but confusion;
Take then thy fill! strike till thyne edge be dull!
Thy cruelty will soe be pittifull.
He that at once hath lost his hopes and feares
Lives not, but onely tarryes for more yeares;
(Much like an aged tree which moisture lacks,
And onely standeth to attend the axe.)
So have, and soe doe I: I truely knowe
How men are borne, and whither they shall goe;
I knowe that like to silkwormes of one yeare,
Or like a kinde and wronged lover's teare,
Or on the pathles waves a rudders dint,
Or like the little sparkles of a flynt,
Or like to thinne rounde cakes with cost perfum'd,
Or fireworkes, onely made to be consum'd;
I knowe that such is man, and all that trust
In that weake peece of animated dust.
The silkworme droopes, the lover's teare's soone shedd,
The shipp's waye quickly lost, the sparkle dead;
The cake burnes out in hast, the fireworke's done,
And man as soone as these as quickly gone.

Daye hath her night; millions of yeares shal be
Bounded at last by long eternitie.
The roses have their spring, they have their fall,
Soe have the trees, beasts, fowle, and soe have all;

The rivers run and end : starres rise and sett ;
There is a heate, a colde, a dry, a wett ;
There is a heaven, a hell, an earth, a skye ;
Or teach me something newe, or lett me dye !
Deere fate, be mercifull by prayers wonne,
Teach me once what Death is, and all is done !

Thou mayst object ; there's somewhat else to learne ;
O doe not bring me backe unto the querne
To grynde for honours, when I cannot tell
What will be sayde in the next chronicle !
Lett my unblemish'd name meet with a tombe
Deservedly unspurn'd at, and at home !

I knowe there are possessions to inheritt ;
But since the gate is stopp'd up to all merritt,
Some haples soules, as I, doe well observe it,
The waye to loose a place is to deserve it.

I am not ignorant besides of this,
Each man the workeman of his fortune is ;
But to apply and temper well his tooles,
He followe must th' advice of babes and fooles ;
Thoughe virtue and reward be the extreames
Of fortune's lyne, yet there are other beames,
Some spriggs of bribery imp'd in the lyne ;
Pandrisme or flatt'ry from the Florentine,
Which whoe soe catches, comes home crown'd with baye,
Ere he that runs the right lyne runs halfe waye.
What love and beauty is (thou know'st, O ! fate)
I have read over ; and, alas ! but late ;
Their woundes yet bleed, and yet noe helpe is nye ;
Then teach me something newe, or lett me dye !

Honors and places, riches, pleasures be
Beyond my starre, and not ordayn'd for me;
Or sure the waye is lost, and those we holde
For true, are counterfaits to those of olde.
How sprout they else soe soon, like ozyer topps,
Which one spring breeds and which next autumn lopps.
Why are they else soe fading? soe possest
With guilt and feare, they dare not stand the test?
Had virtue and true merritt been the basis,
Whereon were rays'd their honors and hye places,
They had been stronger seated, and had stood
To after ages, as our antient blood,
Whose very names, and courages well steel'd,
Made up an armye, and could crowne a field.

Open the waye to merritt and to love!
That we may teach a Cato and a Dove
To heart a cause and weighe affection deare,
And I will thincke we live, not tarry heere.

Further his plainte had gone (if needed more),
But Celadyne, now widening more the dore,
Made a small noyse, which, startling up the man,
He streight descryde him, and anewe began:
What sorrowe, or what curiositie,
Saye (if thou be a man), conducted thee
Into these darke and unfrequented cells,
Where nought but I and dreadfull horror dwells?
Or, if thou be a ghost, for pitty saye
What powre, what chance, hath ledd thee to this way?
If soe thou be a man, there can nought come
From them to me, unlesse yt be a tombe,

And that I holde already. See; I have
Sufficient too to lend a king a grave,
A blest one too, within these hollowe vaults;
Earth hydes but bodyes; but oblivion, faults.
Or, if thou be a ghost sent from above,
Saye, is not blessed virtue and faire love,
Faith and just gratitude rewarded there?
Alas! I knowe they be: I knowe they weare
Crownes of such glory, that their smallest ray
Can make us lend th' Antipodes a daye:
Nay, change our spheare, and need noe more the sun
Then those that have that light whence all begun.

Staye further inquisition, quoth the swayne,
And knowe I am a man; and of that trayne
Which neer the westerne rivers feed their flocks.
I need not make me knowne; for if the rocks
Can holde a sculpture, or the powre of verse
Preserve a name, the last-borne maye reherse
Me and my fortunes. Curiositie
Lead me not hither: chance, in seeing thee,
Gave me the thread, and by it I am come
To finde a living man within a tombe.
Thy plaints I have oreheard; and lett it be
Noe wrong to them that they were heard of me.
Maye be that heaven's great providence hath ledd
Me to these horrid caves of night and dread,
That, as in phisicke, by some signature,
Nature herselfe doth pointe us out a cure.
The liverwort is, by industrious art,
Knowne phisicall and soveraigne for that part

Which it resembles ; and if we applye
The eye-bright, by the like, unto the eye,
Why mayst not thou (disconsolate) as well
From me receave a cure ? since in me dwell
All those sadd wrongs the world hath throwne on thee ;
Which wrought soe much on my proclivitie,
That I have entertayn'd them, and th' art growne
And soe incorporated, and myne owne,
That grieve, elixir like, hath turn'd me all
Into itselke ; and therefore phisicall.
For if in herbes there lye this misterie,
Saye, why in other bodyes maye not we
Promise ourselves the like ? why shouldst not thou
Expect the like from me this instant now ?
And more, since heaven hath made me for thy cure
Both the phisitian and the signature.

Ah ! Celadyne, quoth he, and thinck't not strange
I call thee by thy name ; thoughe tymes now change,
Makes thee forgett what myne is, with my voyce,
I have recorded thyne : and if the choice
Of all our swaynes, which by the westerne rills
Feed their white flocks and tune their oaten quills,
Were with me now, thou onely art the man
Whome I woulde chuse for my phisitian.
The others I would thancke and wishe awaye.
There needs but one sun to bring in the daye,
Nor but one Celadyne to cleere my night
Of discontent ; if any humane wight
Can reach that possibilitye : but know
My griefes admitt noe parallax ; they goe,

Like to the fixed starres, in such a spheare,
Soe hye from meaner woes and comon care
That thou canst never any distance take
'Twixt myne and others woes; and till thou make
And knowe a diff'rence in my saddest fate,
The cause, the station, and the ling'ring date,
From other men, which are in grieve oregone
(Since it is best read by comparison),
Thou never canst attayne the least degree
Of hope to worke a remedye on me.

I knowe to whome I speake. On Isis banckes,
And melancholy Charwell, neere the rancks
Of shading willowes, often have we layne
And heard the muses and Apollo's strayne
In heavenly raptures, as the powres on highe
Had there been lecturers of poesye,
And nature's searcher, deepe philosophy;
Yet neither these, nor any other art,
Can yeeld a meanes to cure my wounded heart:
Staye then from loosing longer tyme on me,
And in these deepe caves of obscuritie
Spend some fewe howres to see what is not knowne
Above; but on the wings of rumor blowne.
Heere is the faeries' court (if soe they be),
(With that he rose); come neere, and thou shalt see
Whoe are my neighbours. And with that he leadd
(With such a pace as lovers use to treade
Neere sleeping parents) by the hand the swayne
Unto a pritty seate, neer which these twayne,
By a rounde little hole, had soone descryde
A trim feate roome, about a fathome wide,

As much in height, and twice as much in length,
Out of the mayne rocke cutt by artfull strength.
The two-leav'd doore was of the mother pearle,
Hinged and nayl'd with golde. Full many a girle,
Of the sweet faierye ligne, wrought in the loome
That fitted those rich hangings cladd the roome.
In them was wrought the love of their great king;
His triumphs, dances, sports, and revelling:
And learned Spenser, on a little hill,
Curiously wrought, laye, as he tun'de his quill;
The floore could of respect complayne noe losse,
But neatly cover'd with discolour'd mosse,
Woven into storyes, might, for such a peece,
Vye with the richest carpetts brought from Greece.

A little mushrome (that was now growne thinner,
By being one tyme shaven for the dinner
Of one of Spaine's grave grandis, and that daye
Out of his greatnesse larder stolne awaye,
By a more nimble elfe then are their witts,
Whoe practice truth as seldom as their spitts);
This mushrome (on a frame of waxe y-pight,
Wherein was wrought the strange and cruell fight
Betwixt the troublous comonwealth of flyes,
And the slye spider with industrious thighes)
Serv'd for a table; then a little elfe
(If possible, far lesser then itselke),
Brought in the covering, made of white rose leaves,
And (wrought together with the spinner's sleeves)
Mett in the table's middle in right angles;
The trenchers were of little silver spangles.

The salt, the small bone of a fishe's backe,
Whereon, in little, was exprest the wracke
Of that deplored mouse, from whence hath sprung
That furious battle Homer whilome sung,
Betwixt the frogs and mice: soe neatly wrought
You coulde not worke it lesser in a thought.
Then, on the table, for their bread, was put
The milke-white kernells of the hazell nutt;
The cupboord, suteable to all the rest,
Was, as the table, with like cov'ring drest.
The ewre and bason were, as fitting well,
A perriwinckle and a cockle-shell:
The glasses pure, and thinner then we can
See from the sea-betroth'd Venetian,
Were all of ice; not made to overlast
One supper, and betwixt two cow-slipps cast,
A prittyer fashion hath not yet been tolde,
Soe neate the glasse was, and so feate the molde.

A little spruce elfe then (just of the sett
Of the French dancer or such marionett)
Cladd in a sute of rush, woven like a matt;
A monkeshood flowre then serving for a hatt;
Under a cloake made of the spider's loome,
This faiery (with them helde a lusty groome)
Brought in his bottles; neater were there none,
And every bottle was a cherrystone.
To each a seed pearle served for a screwe,
And most of them were fill'd with early dewe.
Some choicer ones, as for the king most meet,
Held mel-dewe and the hony-suckles sweet.

All things thus fitted; streightways follow'd in
A case of small musitians, with a dynne
Of little hautboys, whereon each one strives
To shewe his skill; they all were made of syves,
Excepting one, which pufte the players face,
And was a chibole, serving for the base.

Then came the service. The first dishes were
In white brothe boylde, a crammed grashopper;
A pismire roasted whole; five crayfish eggs;
The udder of a mouse; two hornett's leggs;
In steed of olyves, cleanly pickl'd sloes;
Then, of a batt, were serv'd the petty-toes;
Three fleas in souse; a criquet from the bryne;
And of a dormouse, last, a lusty chyne.

Tell me, thou grandi, Spaine's magnifico,
Could'st thou ere intertayne a monarch soe,
Without exhausting most thy rents and fees,
Tolde by a hundred thowsand marvedies?
That bragging poore accompt. If we should heere
Some one relate his incomes every yeare
To be five hundred thousand farthings tolde,
Coulde yee refrayne from laughter? coulde yee holde?
Or see a miser sitting downe to dyne
On some poore spratt new squeesed from the bryne,
Take out his spectakles, and with them eate,
To make his dish seeme larger and more greate.
Or else to make his golde its worth surpasse,
Woulde see it throughe a multiplying glasse:
Such are there auditts; such their highe esteemes;
A Spanyard is still lesse then what he seemes;—

Lesse wise, less potent; rich, but glorious;
Prouder then any, and more treacherous.
But lett us leave the bragadochio heere,
And turne to better company and cheere.

The first course thus serv'd in; next follow'd on
The faierye nobles, ushering Oberon,
Their mighty king; a prince of subtill powre,
Cladd in a sute of speckled gilliflowre.
His hatt, by some choice master in the trade,
Was (like a helmett) of a lilly made.
His ruffe a daizie was, soe neatly trimme,
As if, of purpose, it had growne for him.
His points were of the lady-grasse, in streakes,
And all were tagg'd, as fitt, with titmouse beakes.
His girdle, not three tymes as broade as thinne,
Was of a little trout's selfe-spangled skinne.
His bootes (for he was booted at that tyde),
Were fittly made of halfe a squirrell's hyde.
His cloake was of the velvett flowres, and lynde
With flowre-de-lices of the choicest kinde.

Downe sate the king; his nobles did attend;
And after some repaste, he gan commend
Their hawkes and sporte. This in a brave place flewe,
That bird too soone was taken from the mewe.
This came well throughe the fowle, and quick againe
Made a brave point streight up upon her trayne.
Another for a driver none came nye;
And such a hawke truss'd well the butterfly.
That was the quarry which their pastime crownde;
Their hawkes were wagtayles, most of them mew'd
 rounde.

Then of their coursers' speed, sure-footing pace,
Their next discourse was; as that famous race,
Ingend'red by the wynde, coulde not compare
With theirs, noe more then coulde a Flemish mare
With those fleet steeds that are so quickly hurl'd,
And make but one daye's journey rounde the world.
Naye, in their praises, some one durst to run
Soe farre to say, that if the glorious sun
Should lame a horse, he must come from the spheares
And furnish up his teame with one of theirs.
Those that did heare them vaunte their excellence
Beyond all value, with such confidence,
Stoode wond'ring how such little elfes as these
Durst venture on soe greate hyperboles;
But more upon such horses. But it ceast
(I meane the wonder) when each nam'd his beaste.
My nimble squirrell (quoth the king) and then
Pinching his hatt is but a minute's ken.
The earth ran speedy from him, and I dare
Saye, if it have a motion circular,
I coulde have run it rounde ere she had done
The halfe of her circumvolution.
Her motion, lik'd with myne, should almost be
As Saturne's, myne the primum mobile.
Then, looking on the faieryes most accounted,
I grante, quoth he, some others were well mounted,
And praise your choice; I doe acknowledge that
Your weesell ran well too; soe did your ratt;
And were his tayle cutt shorter to the fashion,
You, in his speed, woulde finde an alteration.

Another's stoate had pass'd the swiftest teggs,
If somewhat sooner he had founde his leggs ;
His hare was winded well ; soe had indeed
Another's rabbett tolerable speed.
Your catt (quoth he) would many a courser baffle ;
But sure he reynes not halfe well in a snaffle.
I knowe her well ; 'twas Tybert that begatt her,
But she is flewe, and never will be fatter :
The vare was lastly prais'd, and all the kinde,
But on their pasternes they went weake behynde.

What brave discourse was this ! now tell me, you
That talke of kings, and states, and what they doe ;
Or gravely silent, with a Cato's face,
Chewe ignorance untill the later grace ;
Or such, whoe (with discretion then at jarre)
Dare checke brave Grinvill and such sonnes of warre,
With whome they durst as soone have measur'd swords,
(How ere their pens fight or wine-prompted words)
As not have lefte him all with blood besmear'd,
Or tane an angry lion by the beard.
Forbeare that honor'd name ! you, that in spight
Take paines to censure, more then he to fight ;
Trample not on the dead ! those wrongly laye
The not-successe, whoe soonest ran awaye.
Kill not againe whome Spaine would have repreev'd !
Had ten of you been Grinvills, he had liv'd.

Were it not better that you did apply
Your meate, unlaught at of the standers by ?
Or (like the faierye king) talke of your horse,
Or such as you, for want of something worse.

Lett that deare name for ever sacred be :
Cæsar had enemyes, and soe had he ;
But Grinvill did that Roman's fate transcend,
And fought an enemy into a friend.

Thus with small things I doe compose the greate.
Now comes the king of faeries second meate ;
The first dish was a small spawn'd fish and fryde,
Had it been lesser, it had not been spyde ;
The next, a dozen larded mytes ; the third,
A goodly pye fill'd with a lady-bird.
Two roasted flyes, then of a dace the poule,
And of a miller's-thumb a mighty joule ;
A butterfly which they had kill'd that daye,
A brace of ferne-webbs pickled the last Maye.
A well-fedd hornet taken from the souse,
A larkes tongue dryde, to make him to carowse.

As when a lusty sawyer, well preparde,
His breakefast eaten, and his timber squarde,
About to rayse up as he thincketh fitt
A good sound tree above his sawing pitt,
His neighbours call'd ; each one a lusty heaver,
Some steere the rouler, others ply the leaver ;
Heave heere, sayes one ; another calls, shove thither ;
Heave, roule, and shove ! cry all, and altogether ;
Looke to your foote, sir, and take better heed,
Cryes a by-stander, noe more hast then need ;
Lifte up that ende there ; bring it gently on ;
And now thrust all at once, or all is gone ;
Holde there a little ; softe ; now use your strength ;
And with this stirre, the tree lyes fitt at length.

Just such a noyse was heard when came the last
Of Oberon's second messe. One cryde, holde fast;
Put five more of the guard to't, of the best;
Looke to your footing; stoppe awhile and rest;
One would have thought with soe much strength and
dyn,

They surely would have brought Behemoth in,
That mighty oxe which (as the Rabbins saye)
Shall feaste the Jewes upon the latter daye.
But at the last, with all this noyse and cry,
Ten of the guard brought in a minowe-pye.

The mountaynes labour'd and brought forth a mouse,
And why not in this mighty princes house
As any others? Well, the pye was plac'd,
And then the musicke strooke, and all things grac'd.

It was a consort of the choicest sett
That never stood to tune, or right a frett;
For Nature to this king such musike sent,
Most were both players and the instrument.

Noe famous sensualist, what ere he be,
Whoe in the brazen leaves of historie
Hath his name registred, for vast expence
In striving how to please his hearing sence,
Had ever harmony chose for his eare
Soe fitt as for this king; and these they were.

The trebble was a three-mouth'd grashopper,
Well tutor'd by a skillfull quirister,
An antient master, that did use to playe
The friskins which the lambs doe dance in Maye;
And long tyme was the chiefest call'd to sing,

When on the playnes the faieryes made a ring;
Then a field-criquett, with a note full cleare,
Sweet and unforc'd and softly sung the meane,
To whose accord, and with noe mickle labor,
A pritty faiery playde upon a tabor:
The case was of a hasell nutt, the heads
A batt's-wing dress'd, the snares were silver thredds;
A little stiffned lamprey's skin did sute
All the rest well, and serv'd them for a flute;
And to all these, a deepe well brested gnatt,
That had good sides, knewe well his sharpe and flatt,
Sung a good compasse, making noe wry face,—
Was there as fittest for a chamber base.

These choice musitians, to their merry king
Gave all the pleasure which their art coulde bring;
At last he ask'd a song: but ere I fall
To sing it over in my pastorall,
Give me some respitt; now the daye growes olde,
And 'tis full tyme that I had pitch'd my folde;
When next sweet morning calls us from our bedds
With harmelesse thoughts and with untroubled heads,
Meet we in *Rowden* meadowes, where the flood
Kisses the banckes, and courts the shady wood;
A wood wherein some of these layes were drest,
And often sung by Willy of the west;
Upon whose trees the name of Licea stands,
Licea, more fleeting then my Tavyes sands;
Grove olde, ye ryndes! and shedd awaye that name;
But O what hand shall wipe awaye her shame?

There lett us meet. And if my younger quill

Bring not such raptures from the sacred hill
With others, to whome heaven infused breath
When raignd our glorious deare Elizabeth,
(The nurse of learning and the blessed arts,
The center of Spaine's envy and our hearts),
If that the Muses fayle me not, I shall
Perfect the little faeries festivall;
And charme your eares soe with that princes song,
That those faire nymphes which dayly tread along
The westerne rivers and survaye the fountaynes,
And those which haunte the woods, and sky kiss'd
mountaynes,
Shall learne and sing it to ensuing tymes
When I am dust. And Tavy in my rimes
Challenge a due; lett it thy glorie be,
That famous *Drake* and I were borne by thee!

THE END OF THE FIRST SONG OF
THE THIRD BOOKE.

THE SECOND SONG.

THE ARGUMENT.

Goode daye to all yee merry westerne swaynes,
And ev'ry gentle shepherdesse that deignes
A kinde attentive eare to what I sing.
Come, sitt you rounde about me in a ring;
My reed is fitted, and I meane to playe
The faieryes song I promis'd yesterdaye;
And thoughe for length I have it over-run,
This was the matter, thus the elfe begun.

Of royall parents in a country rich
Were borne three daughters, with all beautyes
crownde
That coulde the eyes of men or gods bewitch,
Or poets sacred verse did ever sounde;
But natures favour flewe a higher pitch,
When with the yongest she enrich'd this round,
Thoughe her first worke for prayse much right might
holde,
Her last outwent yt, and she broke the molde.

From cuntryes farre remote, wing'd with desire,
Strangers pass'd gladly o're a tedious waye

To see if fame would now be founde a lyer,
Whoe said another sun brought in the daye;
Poore men! yee come too neere to such a fire,
And, for a looke, your lives at hazard laye.
Staye, staye at home, reade of her beauty there,
And make not those sweet eyes your murderer.

The curious statuaryes, painters quainte,
From their greate monarks come, from ev'ry land,
That what the chesill coulde, or pensill painte,
Might in her portraict have the skillfull'st hand;
But, seely men, they meet a sadd restrainte,
And they themselves as turn'd to statues stand;
Soe many graces in her feature lurke,
They turne all eye and have noe hands to worke.

The altars of the gods stood nowe forlorne;
Their mirrhe and frankincense was kept awaye,
And fairest Cytherea (that was borne
Out of the white froth of the working sea)
Wanted her votaryes; nay, some in scorne
Durst wane, while they the sacrifice delaye;
This was a deity, indeed, for whome
The gods themselves might be a hecatombe.

Divers beleev'd, whoe, ravish'd with the sight,
Stood gazing, as amaz'd, at her faire eyes,
That Nature had produc'd another light,
Newe kinde of starre, and in a newer guise;
And from the earth, not from the sea, should rise

A Venus worthyer to unlength the night;
And thoughe the first be for a goddesse plac'd,
This was more heavenly faire, more truely chaste.

Hence came it: Paphos and Cythera nowe,
Gnidus and Amathus could see noe more
The shipps, the parent of their goddesse plowe,
Nor pilgrims land on their forsaken shore.
Noe man a guifte coulde to her shryne allowe,
Nor rose, nor mirtle crowne her image wore;
The bedds contemn'd, harth fireless and unfitt,
And men's devotions were as colde as it.

Anger and rage possest the queen of love
To see a fairer queen of love then she;
And that a mortall, with the powers above,
Came in divyne rytes to a like degree;
Nay, that the ravish'd people alwayes strove
That this none other coulde then Venus be;
Impatient ought on earth deserv'd her name;
Thus murmur'd she, and scorne still fedd the flame.

Have I, quoth she, the most confus'd abisse,
The chaos rude unwounde? the vault of heaven
Compos'd, and settled all that order is?
The name of nursing mother to me given,
And all regardless? must I, after this,
Be from my temples and myne altars driven?
And she that is the sourse of humane things
Paye, as a vassall, tribute to her springs?

Noe; 'tis a competition too-too lowe,
To stand with one compos'd of elements
Which their originall to me doe owe;
Shall fading creatures prosecute intents
With us that all eternity doe knowe?
And the like victimes have and sacred sents?
Or share with me in any rites of myne,
And mingle mortall honors with divine?

What bootes it then that men me rightly call
The daughter of the mighty thunderer?
And that I can ascend up to my stall
Along the milky waye by many a starre?
And where I come, the powers celestiall
Rise more to mee then any goddesse farre?
And all those contryes by bright Phœbus seen
Doe homage and acknowledge me their queen.

Shall I then leave the prize I whilome wonne
On stately Ida (for my beautyes charmes),
Given me by Paris, Priam's fatall sonne,
From stately Juno and the Maide of Armes?
By which old Symois long with blood did run.
If such ambition her proude bosome warmes,
I must descend, she fly to heaven; and there
Sitt in my glorious orbe, and guide my spheare.

Noe, this usurping maide shall feelee the powre
Of an incensed deity, and see
Those cheekes of redd and white, that living flowre,
And those her limms of truest symetrie,

Want winning eloquence to scape the showre
Of due revenge must fall on her from me.
She shall repent those beautyes, and confesse
She had been happier in deformednes.

She said noe more: but full of ire ascends,
Her chariott drawne by white enamour'd doves;
Her passion to their speed more swiftnes lends.
And now to search her sonne (that various loves
Worketh each where) she studiously intends:
She sought him long among th' Elizian groves,
But missing him, to earth-ward bent her reynes,
And with a shepheard founde him on the playnes.

It was a shepheard that was borne by-west,
And well of Tityrus had learnt to sing;
Little knewe he, poore ladd, of love's unrest,
But by his fellowe shepherds sonnetting;
A speculative knowledge with the best
He had, but never felt the golden sting;
And to comply with those his fellowe swaynes,
He sung of love and never felt the paines.

The little Cupid lov'd him for his verse,
Thoughe lowe and tuned to an oaten reed;
And that he might the fitter have commerce
With those that sung of love and lovers deed,
Strooke (O but had Death strooke her to a herse)
Those woundes had not been ope which freshly bleed,
Strooke a faire maide and made her love this ladd,
From whence his sorrowes their beginnings had.

Long tyme she lov'd : and Cupid did soe deare
Affect the shepheard, that he woulde not try
A golden dart to wounde him, out of feare
(That they might not be strooken equally)
But turned orator ; and coming there

Where this yong pastor did his flocks apply,
He wooes him for the lasse sicke of his hand,
And beggs, whoe might imperiously command.

Shall that sweet paradise neglected lye
(T'was soe, and had a serpent in it too),
Shall those sweet lipps, that pittie-begging eye
Begett noe flame, when common beautyes doe ?
Those brests of snowe, bedds of felicitye,
Made to inforce a man of ire to woo,
Make nought for her ? in whose soule-melting flashes
A salamander might consume to ashes.

Pitty her sighes, fond swayne ! beleeeve her teares ;
What hearte of marble woulde not rend to see her
Languish for love ? poore soule, her tender yeares
Have flame to feed her fire, not words to free her.
Bad orators are yonger loves and feares.

Thus Cupid wooes, and coulde a mortall flee her ?
But Venus coming, Cupid threwe a dart
To make all sure, and left it in his heart.

Thus to the winged archer Venus came,
Whoe, thoughe by Nature quick ynoughe inclynde
To all requests made by the Cyprian dame,
She lefte noe grace of looke or worde behynde

That might rayse up that fire which none can tame :

Revenge, that sweet betrayer of the mynde,
That cunning, turbulent, impatient guest,
Which sleepes in blood, and but in death hath rest.

Into her charyott she him quickly takes,

And swifte as tyme, cutting the yeelding ayre,
Her discontent she tells him, as she makes

Towards Psyches sweet abode a sadd repaire.
Psyche the lady hight that nowe awakes

Faire Venus furye ; looke, quoth she ; and there
Beholde my griefe ; O Cupid, shutt thyne eyne,
Or that which now is her's will soone be thyne.

See yonder girle, quoth she, for whome my shryne
Is lefte neglected and of all forlorne ;

Hearke how the poets court the sacred Nyne

To give them raptures full and highly borne
That maye befitt a beauty soe divyne,

And from the threshold of the rosy morne
To Phœbus westerne inne, fill by their layes
All hearts with love of her, all tongues with praise.

By that maternall rightfull powre, my sonne,

Which I have with thee, and may justly claime ;
By those golde darts which I for thee have wonne,
By those sweet wounds they make without a mayme,
By thy kinde fire which hath such wonders donne,
And all faire eyes from whence thou takest ayme ;
By these, and by this kisse, this and this other,
Right a wronged goddess and revenge thy mother.

And this waye doe it : make that glorious mayde
Slave in affection, to a wretch as rude
As ever yet deformitie arayde
Or all the vices of the multitude.
Lett him love money ! and a friend betrayde,
Proclayme with how much witt he is indude ;
Lett not sweet sleepe but sicknes make his bedd !
And to the grave bring home her maidenhead.

When the bless'd day calls others from their sleepe,
And birds sweet layes rejoyce all creatures waking,
Lett her lame husbands grones and sighing deepe
Affright her from that rest which she is taking !
And (spight of all her care) when she doth weepe,
Lett him mistrust her teares and faithes forsaking !
In briefe, lett her affect (thus I importune)
One wrong'd as much as Nature coulde or Fortune.

Thus spoke she, and a winning kisse she gave ;
A long one, with a free and yeelding lipp,
Unto the god ; and on the brackish wave
(Leaving her sonne ashore) doth nimbly tripp.
Two dolphins with a charryot richly brave
Wayted, and with her unto Cyprus tripp ;
The little Cupid she had lefte behinde,
And gave him sight then when he shoulde be blynde.

Cupid, to worke his wyles that can applye
Himselfe, like Proteus, to what forme he list,
Fierce as a lyon, nimble as an eye,
As glorious as the sun, darke as a miste,

Hiding himselfe within a ladyes eye,
Or in a silken hayre's insnaring twist;
And those within whose brests he ofte doth fall,
And feele him moste, doe knowe him leaste of all.

The God now us'd his powre, and him addrest
Unto a fitting stand, where he might see
All that kinde Nature ever yet exprest
Of colour, feature, or due symetrie:
It seem'd heaven was come downe to make earth blest.
Noe wonder then if there this god should be;
Noe; wonder more which waye he can be driven,
To leave this sight for those he knewe in heaven.

Her cheekes the wonder of what eye beheld
Begott betwixt a lilly and a rose,
In gentle rising plaines devinely swell'd,
Where all the graces and the loves repose.
Nature in this peece all her workes excell'd,
Yet shewd her selfe imperfect in the close,
For she forgott (when she soe faire did rayse her)
To give the world a witt might duely prayse her.

Her sweet and ruddy lipps, full of the fyre
Which once Prometheus stole awaye from heaven,
Coulde by their kisses rayse a like desire
To that by which Alcides once was driven
To fifty bedds, and in one night entyre
To fifty maides the name of mother given:
But had he mett this dame first, all the other
Had rested maides; she fifty tymes a mother!

When that she spoake, as at a voice from heaven
On her sweet words all eares and hearts attended;
When that she sung, they thought the planetts seaven
By her sweet voice might well their tunes have
mended;

When she did sighe, all were of joye bereaven;
And when she smyld, heaven had them all befriended.
If that her voice, sighes, smiles, soe many thrilld,
O, had she kiss'd, how many had she kill'd!

Her hayre was flaxen, small, and full and long,
Wherewith the softe enamour'd ayre did playe,
And heere and there with pearles was quaintly strung;
When they were spredd (like to Apollo's raye)
They made the brests of the Olimpicque throng
To feele their flames, as we the flame of daye;
And to eternize what they sawe soe fayre,
They made a constellation of her hayre.

Her slender fingers (neate and worthy made
To be the servants to soe much perfection)
Joyn'd to a palme, whose touch woulde streight invade
And bring a sturdy heart to lowe subjection.
Her slender wrists two diamond braceletts lade,
Made richer by soe sweet a soules election.
O happy braceletts! but more happy he
To whom those armes shall as a bracelett be!

Nature, when she made woemens brests, was then
In doubt of what to make them, or how stayned;

If that she made them softe, she knewe that men
Woulde seeke for rest there, where none coulde be
gayned :

If that she made them snow-like, they agen
Woulde seeke for colde where love's hote flamings
reigned ;

She made them both, and men deceaved soe,
Finde wakefullnes in downe, and fyre in snowe.

Such were faire Psyche's lillyed bedds of love,
Or rather two new worlds where men would faine
Discover wonders, by her starres above,
If any guide coulde bring them back againe.
But who shall on those azure riveretts move
Is lost, and wanders in an endles mayne ;
Soe many graces, pleasures, there apply them,
That man should need the worlds age to descry them.

As when a woodman on the greeny lawnes,
Where daylie chants the sadd-sweet nightingale,
Woulde counte his heard, more bucks, more pricketts,
fawnes

Rush from the coppes and put him from his tale ;
Or some wayfaring man, when morning dawnes,
Woulde tell the sweet notes in a joyesome vale,
At ev'ry foote a newe bird lights and sings,
And makes him leave to counte their sonnettings.

Soe when my willing muse would gladly dresse
Her severall graces in immortall lines,

Plenty impoores her; ev'ry golden tresse,
Each little dimple, every glance that shynes
As radiant as Apollo, I confesse
My skill too weake for soe admirde designes;
For whilst one beauty I am close about,
Millions doe newly rise and put me out.

Never was mayde to varyous nature bounde
In greater bonds of thanckfullnes then she,
As all eyes judg'd; nor on the massy round
For all perfections coulde another be
Upon whose any limme was to be founde
Ought, that on hers coulde vante of masterie;
Yet thoughe all eyes had been a wishfull feaste,
Whoe sawe nought but her body sawe her leaste.

Blest was the wombe that bore soe faire a birth;
Blest was the birth for blessing of the wombe;
Blest was the hand that tooke her to the earth;
Blest ev'ry shady arbour, every roome;
Blest were the deserts roughe where zephir stirr'th;
Blest ev'ry craggy rock and rushy coombe:
All things that held, touchd, sawe her, still confessed
To tymes last periodd they were ever blessed.

My fairest Cœlia, when thyne eyes shall viewe
These, and all other lynes ere writt by me,
Wherein all beautyes are describ'd, and true,
Thincke your devoted shepheards fantazie

Rapt by those heavenly graces are in you,
Had thence all matter fitt for elogie.
Your blest endowments are my verses mothers,
For by your sweetnesse I describe all others.

THE END.

NOTES.

P. 3, l. 3.—*Soe shuts the marigold.* Lupton, in his *Boke of Notable Things*, says,—“Some calles it Sponsus Solis, the spowse of the sunne, because it sleepes and is awakened with him.”

P. 11, l. 8.—*An arched cave.* A marginal note here occurs in the original,—“The Description of the Den of Oblivion.”

P. 12, l. 21.—*Moly.* Gerard, in his *Herball*, ed. 1597, quaintly observes respecting this plant,—“If any be desirous to heare of their charming qualities, wherewith the Circes and magicians have used to bring to passe their diabolicall incantations, let them read Homer touching that matter in the twentieth chapter of his *Odysses*, and there shall they finde matter scarce woorth the reading.”

P. 14, l. 11.—*Too-too.* This word is a strengthening or intensative of *too*, and is not, as generally printed, two words. See a paper by Mr. Halliwell in the Shakespeare Society's “Papers”.

P. 15, l. 16.—*Cadmus towne*. The poet here, of course, alludes to the city of Thebes.

P. 22, l. 24.—*Conducted*. The original word in the MS. was *transported*, which has been erased, and corrected as in the text, probably by the author.

P. 24, l. 6.—*Wrought*. Originally, *worke*.

P. 43, l. 22.—*Tripp*. This duplication of the rhyme is a defect, and a more recent hand alters the word to *stripp*.

P. 47, l. 20.—*Coombe*. That is, valley. See Holinshed's *History of Ireland*, p. 169, cited in Halliwell's *Dictionary of Archaisms*, p. 264.

List of Members

OF THE

PERCY SOCIETY,

*30th April, 1852, when dissolved by Special General Meeting
held on the 23th February, 1852.*

(c) Denotes that the Member has compounded for his
Annual Subscription.

Advocates' Library, Edinburgh

Alston, Rev. E. C., Guildhall, Framlingham, Suffolk.

Athenæum Club, Pall Mall.

Atkinson, F. R., Esq., Manchester.

5 Bagot, Hon. A.

Bank of England Library and Literary Association.

Barber, John, Esq., 19, St. Paul's Churchyard.

Barrow, Rev. F., Cranbrook.

Barton, J. P., Esq., New York.

10 Beckwith, J. M., Esq., 43, Norland Square.

Bell, Robert, Esq. (COUNCIL).

Benecke, F. W., Esq., 63, Moorgate Street.

Benson, Rev. S., 11, Anchor Terrace, Southwark
Bridge Road.

- Black, W. H., Esq. (COUNCIL), Rolls House.
- 15 Bohn, Mr. H. G., 15, York Street, Covent Garden.
- Boker, H. G. Esq., New York.
- Booth, B. W., Esq., Swinton, Manchester.
- (c.) Botfield, Beriah, Esq., 19, George Street, Hanover Square.
- Bowley, R. K., Esq., Charing Cross.
- 20 Brownlow, Earl, 12, Belgrave Square.
- Brown, — Esq., Boston, United States.
- Braybrooke, LORD (PRESIDENT), 10, New Burlington St.
- Brayley, E. W. Esq., Russell Institution.
- Bruce, the Lord Justice Knight, Priory, Roehampton.
- 25 Bruce, John, Esq., 5, Upper Gloucester St., Dorset Sq.
- Buckley, William E., Esq., Haileybury, Hertford.
- Burn, James, Esq., Great King Street, Edinburgh.
- Cambridge University Library.
- Cartwright, Samuel, Esq., Tunbridge.
- 30 Chapman, W., Esq., Richmond.
- (c.) Chappell, William, Esq., (COUNCIL), 39, Portland Place.
- Chichester, J. H. R., Esq., 49, Wimpole Street.
- Cooper, W. D., Esq. (COUNCIL), 81, Guildford Street.
- Copenhagen Library.
- 35 Corney, Bolton, Esq., Barnes Terrace, Surrey.
- Crocker, T. Crofton, Esq. (TREASURER), 3, Gloucester
Road, Old Brompton.
- Crookes, J., Esq., St. John's Villa, North End, Fulham.
- Crossley, J., Esq., Manchester.

- Crowninschield, Edward, Esq., New York.
- 40 Curzon, Hon. E. C., Scarsdale House, Kensington.
- Dent, J., Esq., Worcester.
- Dilke, C. W., Esq., Lower Grosvenor Place.
- Dodd, G., Esq., M.P., 9, Grosvenor Place, Hyde Park.
- Dunn, J., Esq., Paisley.
- 45 Durham, Joseph, Esq., 26, Alfred Place, Bedford Sq.
- Dyce, Rev. A., 9, Gray's Inn Square.
- Dyke, Rev. H., Collesford, near Brackley.
- Elliot, J. B. Esq., Patna, East Indies.
- Erechtheum Club.
- 50 Exton, Rev. R. B., Cretingham, Woodbridge.
- Fabre, Monsieur J. F. Paris.
- Fairholt, F. W., Esq., (COUNCIL), 11, Montpelier Square,
Brompton.
- Farnham, Lord.
- Fenton, G. S., Esq., Belfast.
- 55 Fletcher, S., Esq., Manchester.
- Fitch, Robert, Esq., Norwich
- Ford, J. Esq., 29, Surrey Street, Strand.
- Forster, W. E., Esq., Bradford.
- Frost, W. Edward, Esq., 9, Gunter's Grove, New Brompton.
- 60 Gandy, E., Esq., Tavistock Street, Bedford Square.
- Getty, E., Esq., Belfast.
- Gilbertson, E., Esq., 20, Cranbourn Street.
- Gordon, Robert, Esq., Jun., Edinburgh.

- Greenwich Society.
- 65 Gutch, J. M., Esq., Worcester.
- Haggard, W. D., Esq. (COUNCIL), Upper Mall, Hammersmith.
- Halliwell, J. O., Esq. (SECRETARY), Avenue Lodge,
Brixton Hill.
- Hailstone, E. Esq., Hornton Hall, Bradford, Yorkshire.
- Hare, Rev. Archdeacon, Horsmonceaux, Sussex.
- 70 Harness, Rev. W., Hyde Park Terrace.
- Harrison, Wm., Esq., Ardwick, Manchester.
- Heseltine, S., Esq., Stock Exchange.
- Hewitt, Thomas, Esq.
- Heywood, A. H., Esq., Bank, Manchester.
- 75 Hiffill, Henry, Esq.
- Hollond, R., Esq., M.P., 63, Portland Place.
- Hope, A. J. B., Esq., M.P., 1, Connaught Place.
- Hosmer, Z. Esq., Boston, United States.
- Hull Subscription Library.
- 80 Hunt, Harry, Esq., Birmingham.
- Irving, David, Esq., 6, Meadow Place, Edinburgh.
- Jones, Joseph, Esq., Hathershaw, Oldham.
- Jordan, J. W., Esq., 6, Portman Street, Portman Sq.
- Keller, Dr. A., University of Tubingen.
- 85 King's College Library, Strand.
- Laing, David, Esq., Edinburgh.
- Laird, Robt., Esq., Paisley.
- (c.) Lappenberg, Dr.

- Lever, C., Esq., 10, King's Road, Bedford Row.
- 90 Livermore, G., Esq., New York.
- London Institution, Finsbury Circus.
- London Library, St. James's Square.
- (c.) Lucas, James, Esq., Edinburgh.
- Lytton, Sir Edward Bulwer, Bart. (COUNCIL).
- 95 M'Grigor, A., Esq., Glasgow.
- Mackenzie, A. C., Esq., St. John's College, Oxford.
- Mackenzie, J. W., Esq., 16, Royal Circus, Edinburgh.
- Maidment, James, Esq., 11, London Street, Edinburgh.
- Manchee, T. J., Esq., Bristol.
- 100 Manchester Exchange Library.
- Markland, J. H., Esq., Bath.
- Maude, H. J., Esq., Great George Street.
- Morris, W., Esq., Chester.
- Morris, W. G., Esq., Pall Mall.
- 105 Morton, Rev. J., Holbeach.
- (c.) Munich Royal Library.
- Murch, Rev. Jerome, Bath.
- Ormerod, G., Esq., Sedbury Park, Chepstow.
- Ouvry, F., Esq., 40, Oxford Terrace, Hyde Park.
- 110 Oxford and Cambridge Club.
- Pagan, Dr., Edinburgh.
- Parkinson, Rev. R., St. Bees, Cumberland.
- Pettigrew, T. J., Esq., 8, Saville Row.
- Peacock, R., Esq., West Balden, Sunderland.

- 115 Percival, R., Esq., Canonbury.
 Pickslay, E. J., Esq., 4, Albemarle Street.
- (c.) Pocock, Lewis, Esq., 5, Gloucester Road, Regent's Park.
 Ponton, T., Esq., 4, Hill Street, Berkeley Square.
 Priaulx, O. de B., Esq., Reform Club.
- 120 Prideaux, W., Esq., 38, Baker Street, Portman Square.
 Prior, J., Esq. (COUNCIL), 20, Norfolk Crescent, Oxford Square.
 Reed, F. J., Esq., Friday Street.
 Relton, Rev. J. Rudge, Ulverstone, Lancashire.
 Repton, J. A., Esq., Springfield, Chelmsford.
- 125 Richards, Mr. Thomas, 37, Great Queen Street.
 Richardson, W. S., Esq., Tanfield Court, Temple.
 Rickards, S., Esq., Piccadilly.
 Robinson, W. W., Esq., Oxford.
 Row, J. Y., Esq., 16, Oxford Square, Hyde Park.
- 130 Roxburgh, A., Esq.
 Sandys, W., Esq. (COUNCIL), 25, Devonshire Street, Portland Place.
 Shakespere Society, Glasgow.
 Shirriff, J. H., Esq., Blackheath.
 Smith, C. Roach, Esq., 5, Liverpool Street, Finsbury.
- 135 Smith, Mr. J. R., Soho Square.
 Smith, R. J., Esq., 7, Strand.
 Smith, W. J., Esq., 5, Whitehall Yard.
 (c.) Smith, T., Esq., Bristall House.

- Smith, Thomas, Esq., Colchester.
- 140 Sopwith, T., Esq., Newcastle.
- Sotheby, S. L., Esq., Wellington Street.
- Stevenson, Rev. Dr. W., Manse of South Leith.
- Swanston, C. T., Esq., 51, Chancery Lane.
- Taylor, R., Esq.
- 145 Thoms, W. J., Esq., 25, Holywell Street, Westminster.
- (c.) Tite, William, Esq., London Institution.
- Trinity College, Dublin.
- Turnbull, W. B. D. D. Esq., Edinburgh.
- Turner, F., Esq., Queen Square, St. James's Park.
- 150 Utterson, E. V., Esq., Ryde, Isle of Wight.
- Vallé, F., Esq., Bradford.
- Van de Weyer, His Excellency M., 2, Portland Place.
- Walton, Charles, Esq., Victoria Street, Holborn Bridge.
- Warne, C. Esq., Blandford.
- 155 White, G., Esq., 5, Arthur Street.
- Wilks, J., Esq., 3, Finsbury Square.
- Williamson, Stephen, Esq., Glasgow.
- Wilson, E. J., Esq., Hull.
- Windus, B. G., Esq., Tottenham.
- 160 Worship, F., Esq., Lincoln's Inn Fields.
- Wreford, Rev. Dr. J. R., Kingsdown, Bristol.
- Wright, T., Esq. (COUNCIL), 24, Sydney St., Brompton.

FORRELL

CO. NO. 1

A LIST
OF
THE PUBLICATIONS
OF THE
PERCY SOCIETY.

1. Collection of Ballads Anterior to the Reign of Charles I.
Edited by J. Payne Collier, Esq., F.S.A.
2. A Search for Money ;
Or the lamentable Complaint for the losse of the wandring Knight Monsieur l'Argent. Edited by J. Payne Collier, Esq., F.S.A.
3. The Payne and Sorowe of Evyll Maryage,
In verse. Edited by J. Payne Collier, Esq., F.S.A.
4. A Selection from the Minor Poems of Dan John Lydgate.
Edited by James Orchard Halliwell, Esq., F.R.S.
5. The King and a Poore Northerne Man.
1640. Edited by J. Payne Collier, Esq., F.S.A.
6. The Revolution in Ireland of 1688.
Illustrated by the popular Ballads of the period. Edited, with Introductions and Notes, by T. Crofton Croker, Esq., F.S.A., M.R.I.A.
7. Songs of the London Prentices and Trades,
During the Reigns of Henry VIII, Elizabeth, and James I. Edited by C. Mackay, Esq.
8. The Early Naval Ballads of England.
Edited by James Orchard Halliwell, Esq., F.R.S.

9. Robin Good-Fellow; his Mad Pranks and Merry Jests.

In prose and verse. 1628. With an Introduction by J. Payne Collier, Esq., F.S.A.

10. Strange Histories, or Songs and Sonets of Kings, etc.

With an Introduction and Notes by J. Payne Collier, Esq., F.S.A.

11. Political Ballads Published during the Commonwealth.

With an Introduction and Notes by Thomas Wright, Esq., M.A., F.S.A.

12. The Pleasant History of the Two Angry Women of Abington.

Written by Henry Porter. 1599. Edited by the Rev. A. Dyce.

13. The Boke of Curtasye;

An English Poem illustrative of the Domestic Manners of the fifteenth century. Edited by J. O. Halliwell, Esq., F.R.S.

14. Kind-Hart's Dream.

Containing Notices of Shakespeare, Nash, etc. A curious picture of the Manners and Customs of the time. Edited by E. F. Rimbault, Esq., F.S.A.

15. The Meeting of Gallants at an Ordinarie.

Or the Walkes in Powles. 1604. Illustrative of the Manners and Customs of the time. Edited by J. O. Halliwell, Esq., F.R.S.

16. Old Christmas Carols,

Chiefly taken from manuscript sources. Edited by Thomas Wright, Esq., M.A., F.S.A.

17. The Nursery Rhymes of England,

Arranged in Classes, with an Historical Introduction. Edited by J. O. Halliwell, Esq.

18. The Pleasant and Sweet History of Patient Grissell.

In prose and verse. With an Introduction concerning the origin of the story, and its application in various countries. Edited by J. Payne Collier, Esq., F.S.A.

19. Lyric Poetry Written in England during the Reign of Edward I.

Edited by T. Wright, Esq., M.A., F.S.A.

20. A Marriage Triumphe.

An Epithalamium in memorie of the Nuptials betwixt the Count Palatine and the Lady Elizabeth. Written by T. Heywood. 1613. Edited by J. Payne Collier, Esq., F.S.A.

21. **A Knight's Conjuring, Done in Earnest, Discovered in Jest.**

Containing numerous allusions to Manners and Customs in London. By Thomas Dekker, 1607. Edited by Edward F. Rimbault, Esq., F.S.A.

22. **Paraphrase on the Seven Penitential Psalms,**

In English Metre of the fifteenth century; presumed to be the production of a Lollard. Edited by W. H. Black, Esq.

23. **The Crowne-Garland of Goulden Roses.**

A Collection of Songs and Ballads, chiefly historical. Edited by W. Chappell, Esq., F.S.A.

24. **A Dialogue of Witches and Witchcraft.**

By George Gifford, 1603. Edited by T. Wright, Esq., M.A., F.S.A. A curious illustration of the popular superstitions of the latter part of the sixteenth century.

25. **Follie's Anatomie;**

Or Satyres and Satyricall Epigrams, by Henry Hutton, of Durham, 1619. Containing curious allusions to Paris Garden, Theatres, etc.

26. **Jack of Dover.**

A Collection of Tales, and "The Penniless Parliament of Thread-bare Poets, or all Mirth and Wittie Conceites," 1604.

27. **Five Poetical Tracts of the Sixteenth Century.**

From unique copies, *viz.*, "The Doctrynnall of Good Servauntes." "The Boke of Mayd Emlyn." "The New Notborune Mayd" "A Complaint of a Dolorous Lover upon Sugred Wordes and Fayned Countenance." And "Loves Leprosie." Edited by E. F. Rimbault, Esq.

28. **A Collection of Latin Stories,**

Illustrative of the History of Fiction during the Middle Ages. From MSS. of the Thirteenth and Fourteenth Centuries. Edited by T. Wright, Esq., M.A., F.S.A.

29. **The Harmonie of the Church,**

By Michael Drayton, Edited by the Rev. Alexander Dyce.

30. **Cock Lorell's Bote.**

A Satirical Poem from an unique copy printed by Wynkyn de Worde.

31. **Poems by Sir Henry Wotton.**

Edited by the Rev. Alexander Dyce.

32. **The Harmony of Birds.**

A Poem, from the only known copy, printed in the middle of the Sixteenth Century. Edited by J. P. Collier, Esq., F.S.A.

33. **A Kerry Pastoral.**

An imitation of the First Eclogue of Virgil. Edited by T. Crofton Croker, Esq., F.S.A.

34. The Four Knaves.

A Series of Satirical Tracts, in verse, by Samuel Rowlands.

35. A Poem to the Memorie of Congreve, by James Thomson.

Edited by Peter Cunningham, Esq.

36. The Pleasant Conceites of Old Hobson, the Merry Londoner.

1607. Edited by J. O. Halliwell, Esq., F.R.S., F.S.A.

37. Maroccus Extaticus; or Bankes' Bay Horse in a Trance.

1597. Edited by Edward F. Rimbault, Esq., LL.D., F.S.A.

38. Lord Mayors' Pageants, Part I:

Being Collections towards a History of these annual celebrations. Part I. By F. W. Fairholt, Esq., F.S.A.

39. The Owl and the Nightingale,

An early English Poem. Edited by Thomas Wright, Esq., M.A., F.S.A.

40. Thirteen Psalms and the First Chapter of Ecclesiastes,

Translated into English verse in the Reign of Henry VIII. Edited by the Rev. P. Bliss.

41. An Historiall Expostulation

Against the Beastlye Abusers, both of Chyrurgerie and Physyke, in oure tyme. By John Halle, 1565. Edited by T. J. Pettigrew, Esq., F.R.S., F.S.A.

42. Old Ballads Illustrating the Great Frost of 1683-4.

And the Fair on the River Thames. Edited by E. F. Rimbault, Esq., LL.D.

43. Lord Mayors' Pageants, Part II.

Edited by F. W. Fairholt, Esq., F.S.A.

44. The Honestie of this Age.

By Barnaby Rich, 1611. Edited by Peter Cunningham, Esq.

45. Reynard the Fox,

From Caxton's Edition. Edited by W. J. Thoms, Esq., F.S.A.

46. The Keen of the South of Ireland,

As illustrative of Irish Political and Domestic History, Manners, Music, and Superstitions. Collected by T. Crofton Croker, Esq.

47. **The Poems of John Audelay.**
A specimen of the Shropshire Dialect in the Fifteenth Century. Edited by J. O. Halliwell, Esq.
48. **St. Brandan, a Medieval Legend of the Sea.**
In English Verse and Prose. Edited by Thomas Wright, Esq., M.A., F.S.A.
49. **The Romance of the Emperor Octavian.**
Now first published from MSS. at Lincoln and Cambridge. Edited by J. O. Halliwell, Esq.
50. **Six Ballads, with Burdens:**
From MSS. in the Library of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge. Edited by J. Goodwin, B.D.
51. **Lyrical Poems,**
Selected from Musical Publications between the Years 1589 and 1600. Edited by J. Payne Collier, Esq., F.S.A.
52. **Friar Bakon's Prophecie:**
A Satire on the Degeneracy of the Times, A.D. 1604. Edited by J. O. Halliwell, Esq.
53. **The Seven Sages.**
In English Verse. Edited from a Manuscript in the Public Library of the University of Cambridge. By Thomas Wright, Esq., M.A., F.S.A.
54. **Popular Songs,**
Illustrative of the French Invasions of Ireland. Edited by T. Crofton Croker, Esq.
55. **Poetical Miscellanies.**
From a Manuscript Collection of the time of James I. Edited by J. O. Halliwell, Esq.
56. **The Crown Garland of Golden Roses. Part II.**
From the Edition of 1659.
57. **Barnfield's Affectionate Shepherd.**
Reprinted from the almost unique copy in Sion College Library. By J. O. Halliwell, Esq.
58. **Scottish Traditional Versions of Ancient Ballads.**
Edited by James H. Dixon, Esq.
59. **Life and Martyrdom of Thomas Becket, Archb. of Canterbury.**
Edited by William Henry Black, Esq.
60. **The Pastime of Pleasure.**
An Allegorical Poem. By Stephen Hawes.

61. The Civic Garland.

A Collection of Songs from London Pageants. Edited by F. W. Fairholt, Esq., F.S.A.

62. Old Poems, Ballads, and Songs of the Peasantry of England.

Edited by J. H. Dixon, Esq.

63. The Romance of Syr Tryamoure.

Edited by J. O. Halliwell, Esq., F.R.S., F.S.A.

64. The Introductory Essay on the Romance of the Seven Sages.

By Thomas Wright, Esq., M.A., F.S.A.

65. A Dialogue of Wit and Folly.

By John Heywood. Now first printed. To which is prefixed an account of that Author, and his Dramatic Works, by F. W. Fairholt, Esq., F.S.A.

66. A Collection of Proverbs and Popular Sayings,

Relating to the Season, the Weather, and Agricultural Pursuits. By M. A. Denham.

67. Popular Songs,

Illustrative of the French Invasions of Ireland. Part II. Edited with Introductions and Notes, by T. Crofton Croker, Esq.

68. The Canterbury Tales of Geoffry Chaucer.

A new Text, with Illustrative Notes. Vol. I. Edited by T. Wright, Esq., M.A., F.S.A.

69. The Most Pleasant Song of Lady Bessy ;

And how she Married King Henry the Seventh of the House of Lancaster. Edited by J. O. Halliwell, Esq.

70. French Invasions of Ireland.

Edited by T. Crofton Croker, Esq.

71. The Cytezen and Uplondyshman.

By Alexander Barclay. Edited by F. W. Fairholt, Esq.

72. The Canterbury Tales of Chaucer.

Vol. II. Edited by T. Wright, Esq.

73. Songs and Carols of the Fifteenth Century.

Printed for the first time. Edited by T. Wright, Esq.

74. An Interlude of the Four Elements.

Edited by J. O. Halliwell, Esq.

75. Interlude of the Disobedient Child.

Edited by J. O. Halliwell, Esq.

76. The Autobiography of Mary, Countess of Warwick.

Edited by T. C. Croker, Esq.

77. Festive Songs of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries.

Edited by W. Sandys, Esq., F.S.A.

78. Westward for Smelts.

Written by Kinde Kit of Kingstone, 1620. An early and curious collection of tales, several of which have been employed by our early dramatists in the construction of their plots. Edited by J. O. Halliwell, Esq.

79. Popular English Histories.

Edited by J. O. Halliwell, Esq.

80. Beleeve as you List,

A lost play, by Massinger. Edited from the original manuscript by Thomas Crofton Croker, Esq., F.S.A., M.R.I.A.

81. Satirical Songs and Poems on Costume :

From the Thirteenth to the Nineteenth Century. Edited by F. W. Fairholt, Esq., F.S.A.

82. A Poem on the Times of Edward II,

From a MS. preserved in the Library of St. Peter's College, Cambridge, Edited by the Rev. C. Hardwick, M.A.

83. Notices of Fugitive Tracts and Chap-Books

Printed at Aldermay Churchyard, Bow Churchyard, etc. By James O. Halliwell, Esq., F.R.S.

84. The Man in the Moone ;

Or, The English Fortune Teller. From the unique copy, printed in 1609, preserved in the Bodleian Library. Edited by J. O. Halliwell, Esq.

85. The Religious Poems of William de Shoreham,

Vicar of Chart-Sutton, in Kent, in the reign of Edward II. Preserved in a contemporary manuscript. Edited by T. Wright, Esq., M.A., F.S.A.

86. The Interlude of the Trial of Treasure,

Reprinted from the black-letter edition by Thomas Purfoote, 1597. Edited by J. O. Halliwell, Esq., F.R.S., F.S.A.

87. A Manifest Detection of the Most Vyle and Detestable Use of Dice Play.

Edited by J. O. Halliwell, Esq., F.R.S., F.S.A.

88. An Anglo-Saxon Passion of St. George.

From a MS. in the Cambridge University Library. Edited, with a Translation, by the Rev. C. Hardwick, M.A.

89. The Loyal Garland :

A Collection of Songs of the Seventeenth Century, reprinted from a black-letter copy supposed to be unique. Edited by J. O. Halliwell, Esq.

90. Poems and Songs Relating to George Villiers,
Duke of Buckingham ;

And his Assassination by John Felton, August 23, 1628. Edited, with an Introduction and Notes, by F. W. Fairholt, Esq., F.S.A.

91. The Canterbury Tales of Geoffrey Chaucer.

A New Text, with Illustrative Notes. Edited by Thomas Wright, Esq.

92. The Garland of Good-Will,

By Thomas Deloney. Edited by J. H. Dixon, Esq.

93. Britannia's Pastorals : a Third Book.

Now first Edited from the original MS. preserved in the Library of Salisbury Cathedral. By T. C. Croker, Esq., F.S.A.

94. John Bon and Mast Person ; a Dialogue in Verse.

Edited, from the Black-letter edition, by W. H. Black, Esq.

PERCY SOCIETY.

LIST OF THE PUBLICATIONS

AS ARRANGED IN

VOLUMES.

CONTENTS OF VOL. I.

- 1.—OLD BALLADS FROM EARLY PRINTED COPIES.
 - 7.—SONGS AND BALLADS RELATIVE TO THE LONDON PRENTICES.
 - 6.—HISTORICAL SONGS OF IRELAND.
 - 3.—PAIN AND SORROW OF EVIL MARRIAGE.
 - 5.—THE KING AND A POOR NORTHERN MAN.
-

CONTENTS OF VOL. II.

- 4.—A SELECTION FROM THE MINOR POEMS OF LYDGATE.
- 8.—EARLY NAVAL BALLADS OF ENGLAND.
- 2.—A SEARCH FOR MONEY, BY WILLIAM ROWLEY.
- 9.—THE MAD PRANKS AND MERRY JESTS OF ROBIN GOOD-FELLOW.

CONTENTS OF VOL. III.

- 11.—POLITICAL BALLADS PUBLISHED IN ENGLAND DURING
THE COMMONWEALTH.
- 10.—STRANGE HISTORIES, BY THOMAS DELONEY.
- 20.—A MARRIAGE TRIUMPH, BY THOMAS HEYWOOD.
- 18.—THE HISTORY OF PATIENT GRISSEL.
-

CONTENTS OF VOL. IV.

- 19.—SPECIMENS OF LYRIC POETRY, TEMP. EDWARD I.
- 13.—THE BOKE OF CURTASYE.
- 16.—SPECIMENS OF OLD CHRISTMAS CAROLS.
- 17.—THE NURSERY RHYMES OF ENGLAND.
-

CONTENTS OF VOL. V.

- 14.—KIND-HEART'S DREAM, BY HENRY CHETTLER. 1592.
- 21.—A KNIGHT'S CONJURING. BY THOMAS DEKKER. 1607.
- 15.—THE MEETING OF GALLANTS AT AN ORDINARIE. 1604.
- 12.—THE TWO ANGRY WOMEN OF ABINGDON. BY H. PORTER.
-

CONTENTS OF VOL. VI.

- 27.—ANCIENT POETICAL TRACTS OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.
- 30.—COCK LORELL'S BOTE.
- 23.—THE CROWN GARLAND OF GOLDEN ROSES.
- 25.—FOLLIE'S ANATOMIE. BY HENRY HUTTON. 1619.
- 31.—POEMS BY SIR HENRY WOTTON.

CONTENTS OF VOL. VII.

- 32.—THE HARMONY OF BIRDS.
- 22.—A PARAPHRASE ON THE SEVEN PENITENTIAL PSALMS, IN
ENGLISH VERSE.
- 29.—THE HARMONY OF THE CHURCH. BY MICHAEL DRAYTON.
1591.
- 26.—JACK OF DOVER. 1604.
- 33.—A KERRY PASTORAL.
-

CONTENTS OF VOL. VIII.

- 28.—A SELECTION OF LATIN STORIES.
- 24.—A DIALOGUE OF WITCHES AND WITCHCRAFT. BY GEORGE
GIFFORD.
-

CONTENTS OF VOL. IX.

- 34.—THE FOUR KNAVES. BY SAMUEL ROWLANDS.
- 35.—A POEM TO THE MEMORY OF WILLIAM CONGREVE. BY
JAMES THOMSON.
- 36.—THE PLEASANT CONCEITS OF OLD HOBSON, THE MERRY
LONDONER.
- 37.—MAROCCUS EXTATICUS: OR BANKES' BAY HORSE IN A
TRANCE. 1597.
- 42.—OLD BALLADS ILLUSTRATING THE GREAT FROST OF 1683-4.

CONTENTS OF VOL. X.

38-43.—LORD MAYORS' PAGEANTS: PARTS I & II.

CONTENTS OF VOL. XI.

39.—THE OWL AND THE NIGHTINGALE.

40.—THIRTEEN PSALMS AND THE FIRST CHAPTER OF ECCLESIASTES, VERSIFIED BY JOHN CROKE.

41.—AN HISTORIAL EXPOSTULATION, ETC. BY JOHN HALL. 1565.

44.—THE HONESTIE OF THIS AGE. BY BARNABY RICH. 1611.

CONTENTS OF VOL. XII.

45.—REYNARD THE FOX, FROM CAXTON'S EDITION.

CONTENTS OF VOL. XIII.

46.—THE KEEN OF THE SOUTH OF IRELAND.

50.—SIX BALLADS, WITH BURDENS.

51.—LYRICAL POEMS, SELECTED FROM MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS BETWEEN 1589 AND 1600.

CONTENTS OF VOL. XIV.

47.—THE POEMS OF JOHN AUDELAY.

48.—ST. BRANDAN, A LEGEND OF THE SEA.

49.—THE ROMANCE OF THE EMPEROR OCTAVIAN.

CONTENTS OF VOL. XV.

- 52.—FRIAR BAKON'S PROPHECIE.
 55.—POETICAL MISCELLANIES.
 56.—THE CROWN GARLAND OF GOLDEN ROSES. PART II.
-

CONTENTS OF VOL. XVI.

- 53, 64.—THE SEVEN SAGES, WITH AN INTRODUCTORY ESSAY.
 63.—THE ROMANCE OF SYR TRYAMOURE.
-

CONTENTS OF VOL. XVII.

- 58.—SCOTTISH TRADITIONAL VERSIONS OF ANCIENT BALLADS.
 62.—ANCIENT POEMS, BALLADS, AND SONGS.
-

CONTENTS OF VOL. XVIII.

- 60.—THE PASTIME OF PLEASURE. BY STEPHEN HAWES.
-

CONTENTS OF VOL. XIX.

- 61.—THE CIVIC GARLAND.
 59.—LIFE AND MARTYRDOM OF THOMAS BECKET.

CONTENTS OF VOL. XX.

- 57.—BARNFIELD'S AFFECTIONATE SHEPHERD.
 65.—DIALOGUE ON WIT AND FOLLY.
 66.—PROVERBS AND POPULAR SAYINGS.
 69.—SONG OF LADY BESSY.
-

CONTENTS OF VOL. XXI.

- 54, 67, 70.—POPULAR SONGS, ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE FRENCH
 INVASIONS OF IRELAND.
-

CONTENTS OF VOL. XXII.

- 71.—THE CYTEZEN AND UPLONDYSHMAN.
 74.—AN INTERLUDE OF THE FOUR ELEMENTS.
 75.—INTERLUDE OF THE DISOBEDIENT CHILD.
 76.—THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MARY COUNTESS OF WARWICK.
 78.—WESTWARD FOR SMELTS.
-

CONTENTS OF VOL. XXIII.

- 73.—SONGS AND CAROLS OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.
 77.—FESTIVE SONGS OF THE SIXTEENTH AND SEVENTEENTH
 CENTURIES.
 79.—POPULAR ENGLISH HISTORIES.

CONTENTS OF VOL. XXIV.

68.—CHAUCER'S CANTERBURY TALES. VOL. I.

CONTENTS OF VOL. XXV.

72.—CHAUCER'S CANTERBURY TALES. VOL. II.

CONTENTS OF VOL. XXVI.

91.—CHAUCER'S CANTERBURY TALES. VOL. III.

CONTENTS OF VOL. XXVII.

80.—BELEEVE AS YOU LIST.

81.—SATIRICAL SONGS AND POEMS ON COSTUME.

CONTENTS OF VOL. XXVIII.

88.—AN ANGLO-SAXON PASSION OF SAINT GEORGE.

82.—A POEM ON THE TIMES OF EDWARD II.

85.—THE POEMS OF WILLIAM DE SHOREHAM.

86.—THE TRIALL OF TREASURE.

CONTENTS OF VOL. XXIX.

- 83.—NOTICES OF FUGITIVE TRACTS AND CHAP-BOOKS.
84.—THE MAN IN THE MOONE.
87.—THE USE OF DICE-PLAY.
89.—THE LOYAL GARLAND.
90.—POEMS AND SONGS ON THE ASSASSINATION OF THE
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.
-

CONTENTS OF VOL. XXX.

- 92.—THE GARLAND OF GOOD-WILL.
93.—BRITANNIA'S PASTORALS: A THIRD BOOK.
94.—THE ENTERLUDE OF JOHN BON AND MAST PERSON.
-



CONTENTS OF VOL. XXIX.

- 83.—NOTICES OF FUGITIVE TRACTS AND CHAP-BOOKS.
84.—THE MAN IN THE MOONE.
87.—THE USE OF DICE-PLAY.
89.—THE LOYAL GARLAND.
90.—POEMS AND SONGS ON THE ASSASSINATION OF THE
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.
-

CONTENTS OF VOL. XXX.

- 92.—THE GARLAND OF GOOD-WILL.
93.—BRITANNIA'S PASTORALS: A THIRD BOOK.
94.—THE ENTERLUDE OF JOHN BON AND MAST PERSON.
-